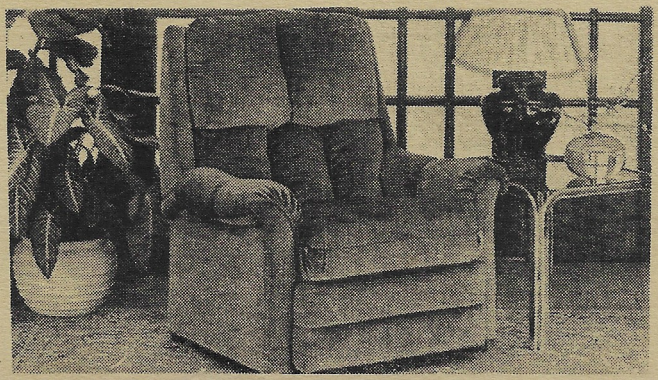
Chair of Memories



THIS CHAIR FOR YOU. PLEASE SIT DOWN.
THEN TURN THE PAGE.

by

Kenneth C. Hendricks

To Nadine Wilkerson
and all of Ivan's
family, in memory of
Ivan's Christian witness.
Kenneth C. Hendricks

CHAIR OF MEMORIES

by
Kenneth C.Hendricks

Welcome! And if these jottings spark your own, please share them with me!
Box 169, Apt. 232, Salem, OR 97308

DEDICATION

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TO THREE CHURCHES

For some years I have been associated , to my pleasure and benefit, with not only my Home Church, First Christian, of Salem, Oregon, but also with the home church of our older daughter, Margaret Edwards, the Parkland Christian Church, of Tacoma, Washington; and with the home church of daughter Martha Troxell, the First Christian Church of Hermiston, Oregon.

In all three of these congregations I have heard the Word of our Lord preached and taught, and the spirit of Christian love expressed in such degree that I felt truly at home.

God is blessing all of these churches with outstanding progress. Praise His Name!

WHY THIS PUBLICATION?

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Why trouble anyone to read this odd book of my thoughts? I am not a public figure - congressman, actor, or sports champion.

It is just that, as I get on into the precarious nineties, I have the urge to share many things that have happened to me and mine since my boyhood that can't hurt anyone to hear, and might even be of some value. The Word of God speaks highly of sharing.

Twenty some years ago I was moved to write the story of a young Japanese lad, Reiji Takahashi, who met Jesus, fell in love with Him, and was used mightily in service to his fellowmen. The book, "Shadow of His Hand," apparently influenced many people to put their trust in God for leading and power. For it sold some ten thousand copies.

As I look back over my seventy years in the Christian ministry, I am very conscious that the Shadow of His Hand has been over me too.

As pastor I have served half a dozen congregations in America, and various others in Japan. I have been present at the seventy fifth anniversaries of two, and the hundredth anniversary of another, as their oldest former minister. What joy it was!

AND NOW, THE STORY

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One of the pleasures of life for me, in these early nineties, is to lie back in my well-named "Lazy-Boy" chair, and drift back to events of my early years.

My birth, between Lincoln's Birthday anniversary and St. Valentine's Day seems almost emblematic of my later life-time employments. Lincoln's vision was inter-racial, with the black race treated compassionately, I, as missionary, learned to honor and serve among orientals. And St. Valentine was an example of Jesus' love-your-neighbor spirit, which is at the root of Christian ministry in any society or country.

I grew up in a Scandinavian environment, in Duluth, Minnesota, with Norwegian blood predominant in myself. I learned to love the snowy weather, and living beside one of the Great Lakes, Superior. And to watch the big ships, loaded with wheat and iron leaving the harbor, out through the canal. One of our thrills, as kids, was to see the iron ore turn into ingots in the blast-furnaces along the shore. Maybe Hell looked like that, we thought.

In one heavy winter blizzard the huge freighter Mataafa, from the Pittsbugh area, was buffeted sideways against the end of a pier, and broken in two, as it swung around onto the shore. Our family joined the crowd of viewers when the storm had abated, and we watched the removal of ice-encased bodies of sailors by breeches-buoy running on cables. A traumatic experience for a mere lad.

The father of one of our family friends was a professional diver, employed around the harbor day by day in his waterproof suit, topped by a glass-front helmet, the top of which was connected to the air hose that brought life-sustenance from the pump on the work scow above?

The son, David, of this man, John Wanless, sometimes helped turn the crank that sent the air down. On one occasion David let my brothers Bert and Leland, and for a moment myself, help with the cranking.

What a thrill that was, knowing that their father's very life depended on doing our very best.

Years later, when we no longer lived in Duluth, we heard the sad news of John's death from an accident.

For us boys skiing, skating, or snow tobogganning were popular. We had our own ski tournaments. Duluth was the ski-jumping Capital of America, at that time.

But we young ones greeted the summertime also, with joy. School over, we had our hair cut short, and went barefoot in the cool lawn grass. Thoughts of the "old swimming hole," too had been interfering with attention in class-rooms.

We had chores too, of course. I recall one instance when my mind was on baseball waiting to be enjoyed on a corner lot nearby. Mom had said, "Kennie, the woodbox is nearly empty." "Oh yes," said I, and dashed away to our fun.

At noon, when I came home hungry, Mom said, "Come with me, my boy," as she led me to the woodpile. "This will be a help to your memory; I ran out of wood to make your dinner, as you played." Picking out a suitable stick of wood, she applied it to my rear, all too many times, I felt. Alas, Mom had been a school teacher, and knew how to improve the memories of the younger generation.

Most of our relations with our parents were pleasant, though. Now and then they organized a picnic, and the whole family went tp a place like Park Point, a sandy peninsula beside Lake Superior, where a horse-drawn car ran on tracks along the shore, and we could jump on and off of its side-boards at will. Sandwiches, cookies, lemonade, or an occasional ice-cream cone were great.

Speaking of rolling cars: on the hilly street that passed our house, there were tracks and a small street-car without much power, that had to travel slowly when going uphill.

One day, several of us boys saw an opportunity for a free ride, by clinging onto the back end of the car. Suddenly the car stopped, and its conductor got down quickly, seized one of the boys. Who should it be but the Hendricks boy, Kenneth? A passenger was standing near the car's exit, and who should it be but Mr. N.C.Hendricks, amazed father of the captive boy.

Mr. Hendricks took over from the conductor in responsibility for the care of the offender. The path led to the nearby house and upstairs into the seclusion of the bathroom, and a quiet talk from a serious man to a shaking boy who made quick and honest promises, and got forgiveness. It brought Dad and me into even closer relationship.

Father had a dry goods store, and always dressed in genteel style. He was gracious in all his human relationships. And he was a devout elder in the church.

Mother was a former school-teacher , and pretty well "ran the establisnment." She was a strenous temperance worker, and with other W.C.T.U. women campaigned against the local saloons.

Mother was also active in the church missionary society. In the magazine "Missionary Tidings" on our reading table I read of heroic deeds in places like the Congo, with its tropical jungles and witch doctors. A missionary named Dr. Royal J. Dye was picturesque in his manner of describing the region and its native customs.

Another Congo leader was Evarard Moon. Under his supervision a vessel for the mission work was built and sent, in sections, to Africa. This vessel, the Steamer Oregon, paid for by the churches of Oregon, became a link between mission stations along the Congo River.

In browsing through the "Missionary Tidings" I noticed that two newly assigned missionary families, the Holders and the Hobgoods, were on their way to the Congo. It struck me that my own name also began with an H. And I fancied myself being a missionary some day; a real adventure, I dreamed.

These impulses must have remained buried in my mind, for, years later, as a Sunday School pupil in Gladstone, Oregon, when we attended the annual church convention at a campground not far from Salem, Oregon, and I heard other missionaries from various lands, something began to shape up within me. Two of these missionaries were from Oregon: Goldie Ruth Wells and Hattie Mitchell.

In my late teens I was so stirred by a missionary program in this tabernacle that I joined other young folk who answered a challenge for life-work decisions; and went forward to be dedicated. After high school I worked in a paper mill to earn money for Bible College at Eugene, Oregon.

After a year or two there I got a student-preacher job at Halsey, Oregon. Who should be members there but the family of Goldie Wells, teacher in Congo Institute, Africa. It was my joyful privilege to baptize in a creek near the Wells farm, Goldie's brother Lawrence and sister Gladys.

Before finishing my education at the Bible college and University of Oregon I had married Grace Paul, a fellow student from Idaho. and become father to Margaret Ruby Hendricks, who was, in later years to study there at Bible college and marry a fellow-student, Arthur Edwards, and is now mother of two ministers (one of them a missionary in Indonesia) and a minister's wife. Grace and I were members of the Volunteer Band for Missions. After a pastorate at Lebanon, Oregon, we enrolled at the College of Missions in Indianapolis, Indiana. There it was good to talk with Mrs. Anna Atwater of the Christian Women's Board and Stephen Corey, head of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, and later still greater honor to meet the revered Archibald McLean, Canada-born

pioneer in foreign mission administration.

We studied that year under Dr. Charles T.Paul (D.D.), President of the College of Missions, formerly a China missionary; also Dr. J.W.McGavran, of India, and heard chapel messages from various missionaries on furlough, including the fanous Dr. Albert Shelton, later shot dead by bandits while riding his mule on the road to Llassa, Capital of Tibet. Also, Rev. Alexander Paul, who had at one time served with the noted China Inland Mission.

During the year we got to attend the establishment of the United Christian Missionary Society, and met its President, F.W.Burnham.

Our last day at this college included the Service of Ordination to mission ministry, with its laying on of hands by elders of several churches; and the Ivy Chain Ceremony. From the luxuriant screen of ivy on the walls of the Missions Building was woven a chain held in a circle of outgoing missionaries. After the reading of Scripture appropriate to the occasion, "Go ye into all the world and make disciples of every nation," we sang, with vibrant hearts, the hymn :

"Lead on, O King Eternal;
The day of march has come.
Henceforth in fields of conquest,
Thy tents shall be our home.
Through days of preparation,
Thy grace has made us strong.
And now, O King Eternal,
We lift our battle song."

Then, in conclusion, President Charles T. Paul, with scissors, svered the ivy chain into individual lengths, symbolic of our separate paths to separate fields.

Our road to Japan led first across western prairies, to make brief stops at Grace's home in Idaho, and mine in Portland,Oregon. Then on to San Francisco and the waiting ship, the Golden State.

Relatives and friends held ends of colored paper ribbons, and we, at the ship's rail the other ends as the ship's horn announced departure. Vessel and wharf parted company , and we moved slowly out into the harbor in the direction of the Gate; but we were not to go through it immediately. Because of malfunction of an engine room fan there had to be an anchorage for a day or two. What a tremendous relief it was when we finally weighed anchor and moved on out to sea.

For those who had never had the experience before there was the usual chatter of excitement and in some cases anxiety about possible bad weather. However, to great surprise the ocean was in a very gentle mood all the way to the port of Honolulu, Hawaii.

Friends from the Christian Church there were waiting , and joyously met our party of a dozen missionaries, a half dozen for Japan, the rest for China or India. We feasted and toured the city.

pineapple fields, palm trees, the Diamond Head promontory, and the old palace of former King Kamehamehaha.

After the voyage's 15th day early morning saw arrival in Yokohama and warm welcome by the Missionaries and Japanese colleagues.

Riding in jinrickshas from the Yokohama pier through crowded avenues, passing a variety of shops, listening to the shrill sounds of street vendors' horns, was a most unforgettable initiation into Oriental life.

After visiting in missionaries' homes in the Mission Compound near our schools for a few days of integration into what lay ahead of us as student missionaries, we enrolled in the Japanese Language School to which we would be riding five days a week in congested street cars.

Every where we rode or walked or shopped we would be straining our ears for any words or phrases we had learned from our Japanese teacher at the College of Missions.

Mornings were for class instruction, afternoons for studying writing and perhaps having visitors eager for instruction in English.

Saturdays we might have Bible classes in English. Sundays at church striving to understanding sermons, or hymns or prayers. And in being greeted warmly by other worshippers before and after services.

Thus we spent our first two years in the vast city of Tokyo, with occasional trips to Nikko, in majestic mountains, where thousands of pilgrims bowed deeply with clapping hands before gold-adorned temples; or Lake Chuzenji and its sail-boats and sampans.

Graduating at Language School we were assigned to the northern field of service, in and around the city of Fukushima; but prior to going there we were spending a month or so vacationing at Karuizawa, in the hill country at the base of a volcano, Mt. Asama.

We were packing our bags for return to Tokyo, for September 2d. But on September 1st Mother Earth shook as with fever. Fearful, many thought that Mt. Asama was active. But soon there came the report of heavy smoke coming from the direction of Tokyo, far away below.

On Sept. 2d I did go to Tokyo, but not with Grace and baby Margaret, four years old. I accompanied senior missionary, Thomas Young. Our train could not enter Tokyo by the usual bridge, which had collapsed. But by a makeshift pontoon bridge we got to walk the remaining ten miles to view our school campus, on a hill out of the fires. Already the residents from lower spots came to this place for safety, and the compound was full

of a thousand refugees.

Before returning to Fukushima to settle into our mission, I spent three weeks in Tokyo in service to refugees organized by our American Embassy who had called for Americans to volunteer in helping the stricken people of the City. I was given the emergency gasoline station on the burned out site of the American Embassy, serving fuel to the trucks engaged in relief supply hauling. I occupied an Army pup tent there. Later I received from the American Ambassador a citation for this job.

I travelled to and from our mission residence by bicycle. On one occasion in gathering darkness I nearly rode out into thin air, where there was a gap in a bridge over a river. The Good Lord surely had his eyes on me that time, as in so many times of my recollection.

Eventually I was able to get to Karuizawa to take Grace and Margaret to Fukushima, where we had a mission residence and church. We could not occupy the residence, however, because of its being occupied by other missionaries; so had to rent a Japanese house, with its sliding paper-and-glass doors.

These doors were so easy to force open, however, that we had a night visitor who got away with some of our valuables, including a watch of mine and an English New Testament in the pocket of my vest. The thief got caught soon afterward when he unknowingly entered the

house of a teacher of Japanese wrestling. I got to see the man at the police station and gave him a Japanese New Testament, which the police officer strictly charged him to "read and learn how to behave."

We served four years in Fukushima, teaching and preaching in the church and engaging in rural evangelism. Also supervising erection of a new building for the church. Kindergarten and parsonage annexed to it.

Early in our stay at Fukushima our son Paul was born, in a hospital in Tokyo that had lost its buildings in the Earthquake and fire, and was making out with temporary wooden structures. We created quite a sensation upon return to Fukushima. Paul was the first white child in the area. When taken in his buggy on the street or to church, Japanese gathered around, including mothers with their babies on their backs.

When the church pastor called at our home, one time, baby Paul let out a lusty cry. The pastor, incredulous, said. "Why, how strange! He cries just like a Japanese baby!"

Several years later, while we were in New Haven, Connecticut, for furlough studies at Yale Divinity School, Paul's younger sister, Martha, was born. When the doctor heard our first child was born in Eugene, Oregon, he laughed and said.

"Far West (Eugene, Oregon), Far East, (Tokyo), Now Northeast (Connecticut) Where will your next child be born? Maybe on the high seas?

Back now to Fukushima again. From 1928 to 1932 we were in the same type of work as before furlough.

But with a new angle on reaching the people with the Gospel, namely Newspaper Evangelism. Articlea on the Christian faith were put into the newspapers. At the conclusion of each article there was an invitation to write to our address for further information about Christianity, and to receive sample portions from the Bible, the Sacred Scriptures.

In 1932 we were transferred to a larger area of work, in Akita City and environs, in North Japan, on the Japan Sea.

In Akita we joined forces with a missionary of the German Reformed Church, to inaugurate there also the system of Newspaper Evangelism, Bible distribution, and home visitation when requested by the inquirers, who sometimes offered their homes as centers of teaching to their neighbors.

Our church building in Akita City was a memorial to our pioneer missionaries, Charles and Laura Garst. The first book about missionary work of our Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) was written by Laura Garst: "A West-pointer in the Land of the Mikado." Charles Garst was a Captain in the United States army who volunteered to serve in Christ's militia overseas.

Our work in the Akita region was cut short by the Great Depression in America, which caused low budgets in churches, and skimping on foreign missions. We were soon called home, and to a resulting fifteen years in pastorates in the Northwest. We were serving at Yamhill, Oregon , when Pearl Harbor was attacked.

During the War we moved to Idaho, and served a church at Kimberly, near a relocation center for Japanese, where we visited families who knew little English. I was Government-employed Interpreter in the Center's Welfare Department. The church at Kimberly graciously gave us time for absence from our parish work. It helped the missionary spirit for them .

Soon after the War's end, when Japan again became open to Missions, we were sent out by our Board to Tokyo. There we entered deeply into rehabilitation activities, among demolished churches and needy people. Our home churches sent many gifts of food and clothing. The need was great, both in schools and churches. The schools were bereft of their heating systems, stripped by the government for war materials. Students and teachers alike shivered in class-rooms.

We had several tons of food for our own use. The barrels of canned goods in glass quart jars were packed with rags. The women of our Japanese families happily used these pieces of cloth to make clothing for their ill-clad children.

One of my responsibilities in Japan was that of Field Representative of our own communion in the cooperative setup. We could get into postwar Japan only as comissionaries with the United Church of Christ. (Nihon Kirisuto Kyodan)

There were two general committees, one called the Committee of Cooperation, with both Japanese and missionary representatives. The other the Field Committee, dealing with integration of missionary activities.

The former committee oversaw aid to churches in leadership of pastors and Christian literature. Also in providing training schools for young people volunteering for the ministry. And materials for the Sunday Schools and home study.

The latter helped provide the right missionaries for the right jobs, in assistance to the churches. And saw to it that Japanese language study for two years was provided to new missionaries who had never seen service in Japan before. It also had a joint Treasury office for financial service to missionaries.

I served on both of these commities, but also various types of

work, and correspondence with our home Board, in Indianapolis.

Early in the rehabilitation work for the churches, several of us missionaries , with a few Japanese, met to form an audio-visual organization to aid the churches in their witness. We got some financial aid from the audio-visual Department of the New York office of the Interboard Committee for Christian Work in Japan.

There was steady growth in our resources and personnel. We became the Audio-visual Commission of the Japan National Christian Council, with a capable and enthusiastic young Japanese, Mathew Ogawa, who had studied in America, as our Manager.

Our library of color slides and films and other equipment, including picture-card "Little Theaters" for Bible teaching among children, grew. Through the years this has become a vital factor in the Christian education and evangelization of Japan, and also the center for audio-visual education of nationals from the various churches of other Asian countries.

Before long our Board sent out new missionaries to undergird our efforts. Helen Shorrock, with their new baby, could be a friend of Japanese mothers, and teach them useful things about Christian home life. Hallam Shorrock not only taught in our Boys' School English Department but taught football to the boys-one of the first such experiments

in Japan. Their team later won the "Rice Bowl" championship.

In time Hal became a member of the staff of the Youth Department of the National Christian Council. He also joined the Relief Work team of Church Work Service, operating in both Japan and Korea. Later he was in the Geneva office of the War Refugee Repatriation Committee. After a stint in this job he came to a position as Vice president for Finance at the International Christian University in Tokyo. He is back there again.

Not long after the Shorrocks arrived in Japan others followed within a few years. To name some: Aigi and Kiyo Kamikawa, Daisy Edgerton, Austin Warner , Ralph Palmer, and their wives. They studied at Language School part time, and assisted in minor tasks of the work.

Somewhat later Rev.Howard and Rosemary Huff and Vern Rossman were added to the force. In time Rossman became a secretary of the Audio-visual Commission of the National Christian Council. Howard Huff had work mostly with college age Japanese. One young man who acted as a secretary to him developed so markedly in his grasp of the Bible that he was a leading theologian, and in time the President of the prestigious Union Theological Seminary of Tokyo, and author of related books. I refer to Dr. Hideo Ohko, senior pastor at our leading church in Tokyo, The Takinogawa Church.

The Austin Warners, after Language school training, were placed as associates in the leading church of our mission in Osaka City.

The Kamikawas eventually became outstanding rural missionaries, in a rural center that attracted young Christians from various Asian lands, and when they retired had more years in Japan than any of our post-War team of Disciples.

Miss Daisy Edgerton early became popular among the students and teachers of our Girls' School (Joshi Seigakuin). Occasionally she let her sense of humor move her to pranks, On one occasion she grabbed up one of the tinest teachers and held her off of the floor, kicking in at least pretended fright. This woman later became Principal, Daisy's Boss;

When Grace and I retired, in 1962, Daisy eventually became the Field Representative of the Board of Missions. She has now for years lived in Indianapolis, with a Board official, Miss Marilynn Hill, and has been in close touch with the Board and other Christian work. She has been honored by election as an Elder in the Downey Avenue Church, near the Board headquarters.

Daisy Edgerton and Grace had been closely associated in the work in Tokyo. To her, Grace was "Mom", and I, incidentally, "Pop." She still takes care of Pop, by cards on anniversaries, and caring letters of encouragement in my sunset years. I recall when I was recruiting missionaries for Japan, interviewing Daisy

in her twenties, at the Board office. She was nervous, and so was I , in this, my first such interviewing experience.

Ralph and Maxine Palmer went to the northern area of Japan just south of Akita, to work with pastors in and around the town of Honjo, where we had a church building.

Some years later Delbert and Martha (Hendricks) Troxell came out to begin a work among rural people, first in northern Japan, where Del got the feel of mud between his toes in paddy fields, side by side with the farmers. And after a furlough, in a community near Kyoto, evangelizing in both home and the church.

Assisting new missionaries was part of my job as Field Representative of the Board, naturally. But I found time to carry on evangelistic programs in cooperation with pastors. My usual partner was Rev. Y. Ishikawa, who had a congregation, and also, with his wife, a kindergarten, in East Tokyo.

Ishikawa formerly worked with missionary Fred Hagin, in days before World War II, in preaching missions to an island called Hachijo, a 15 hour steamer trip from Tokyo out into the Pacific Ocean. We had two churches there, each with a building and pastor. No missionaries had labored in Hachijo for

quite a few years.

With Ishikawa I opened a new era for Hachijo evangelism, being able to use audio-visual means to attract the natives to meetings. On one occasion we showed a movie on the Life of Christ in the yard of a Buddhist temple, with permission of the attendant priests. I was deeply touched when one young woman wept to see Jesus dying on the Cross. She seemed to be whispering, "Oh, He died for me!"

One of these trips became the most harrowing experience of my life. Ishikawa did not return with me on the ship, but I had an engagement in Tokyo. Typhoon warnings had been posted. The storm was just leaving the South Pacific, and not expected into the Japan area for many hours.

However, after departure, and getting asleep in our cabins, we were gradually aware that the sea was raging. The storm caught us before we reached Tokyo, and made it unsafe to enter the harbor. We had to stay outside, with the small ship heading into the gale for ten extra hours. I was sleeping on straw mats, in a blanket, with other passengers, most of them drunk, and unconscious.

My bed was directly opposite a port hole with a loose cover. A huge wave pushed the port hole in and I was drenched head to feet. One of the crew helped me into a dry cabin, exhausted.

An empty beer bottle was rolling about the floor, hitting baseboards. In despair I dragged myself back into the former room and passed out.

At length the sea calmed, and we gained entrance into the harbor. At the dock, finally, I managed to get together my heavy baggage, and carry it down flooded streets to a missionary hostel. There the management provided food that, after some thirty hours of fasting, was like manna from Heaven.

I slept late the next morning. When I awoke and looked out of the window, the sky was bright blue, and the wind no longer blowing. I was "in Paradise."

By electric carline I managed to get across the wide city to our home. What a welcome I received! Grace and a guest, the famous soloist-evangelist Rosa Page Welch, had been in fervent prayer for me, almost against hope, as the hours had passed without any communication from the ship's company office.

"The storm has been terrible here in Tokyo," they said. "Much flooding has ruined the small bridge over the little river near us. We saw a policeman running over it just before it collapsed."

I was not yet through with Hachijo Island, however.

There were other visits by me occasionally. It was a lovely place, with beautiful flowers. The center of the island was a conical mountain, from which brushwood was carried out on pack animals. There were nests of vipers, also, which were gathered and boxed for delivery in Tokyo, for medicinal purposes. On the rear deck of my ship, once, were boxes of these serpents. Tired, I sat on one of the boxes. A bystander inquired if I knew the contents of the box. "Just some live vipers," he informed me. Without delay I vacated the seat.

On a hillside of the island I once noticed a pathway toward a cave. A sign said, "Elders' Cave!" My Japanese companion explained that in olden times, when famine was abroad, the very aged persons sacrificed themselves for the common good, by taking a bit of food, then sitting in the cave waiting for death.

On the seashore there was a grave that I was told contained the body of an American airman who had crashed there during the War. The natives respectfully cared for the burial and subsequent decorations of the grave. As a Christian I was deeply impressed to hear of this kindness. I learned later that our Christian islanders had been responsible for this deed of thoughtfulness.

One more phase of my work in Japan was in the area of social welfare influence. Our mission long before the War had conducted a small hospital in a poverty-stricken part of East Tokyo, along with a day nursery for the children of that neighborhood.

The Director of this work was Rev. Shozo Endo. He looked after the hospital and his wife the day nursery.

These projects had suffered during the War, for lack of money and supplies to operate this social work.

I was the intermediary between Rev. Endo and our mission board, to supply money and materials and equipment to build up this ministry of compassion again. This was gradual but it was accomplished and the good work put back into operation once more, serving thousands of destitute people, both adults and children.

I got into another project of social welfare in helping Reiji Takahashi, young protege of famous Toyohiko Kagawa, in his dedicated assistance to slum people . As Kagawa had served the sick and starving denizens of a slum in Kobe City, Reiji did in a Tokyo slum.

Two of our young missionaries had got to know Reiji and his work. They put me on the trail of supplying aid in money and material for him from American churches and individuals who sent clothing and food and medicine. His work developed into a success told in Shadow of His Hand.

After retirement I had the pleasure of leading a team of North American pastors and also some pastors' wives, to the southern province of Japan called Kyushu, where the pastors paired up with local Japanese ministers in special meetings for non-Christians, and church development. In this annual program, known as the L.Plan, after Rev. Lawrence Lacour, its originator, the participating American pastors returned to their home churches and inspired them to fund the repair and/or building of church structures where they had assisted.

My visit for this purpose was in 1962. But in 1967, with my wife Grace, I was back in Japan again, to prepare material for the publication of a book, Shadow of His Hand, the Reiji Takahashi Story. This turned out to be a best-seller of around ten thousand copies, two thousand of these in German, by a German minister who had visited Reiji's settlement in the horrible slums of Tokyo.

In 1976 we were back in Japan once more, to prepare another book, later published in Japan, in their language, as Little Nightingale; about a little Japanese woman who gave her life to the care of War orphans. It is my hope that the English edition of this book will find a publisher before my decease, and I intend to keep working on it.

With the encouragement and assistance of my home church, First Christian Church of Salem, Oregon, I

have had the experience of marketing several small books, viz. From Hangups to Hallelujahs, Clipper for Christ, The A,B,Cs of The Christian Life.

Looking back now upon the years following our retirement from service in Japan:

From 1962 to 1980 we lived at Senior Estates village in Woodburn, Oregon. There were less than fifty houses in this community when ours was built. When we left there to live at Willamette Lutheran Home in Salem, Senior Estates had over 1400 homes and over 2500 people.

Our first years at Woodburn saw a good deal of absence, as we travelled in a number of states and many places, making speeches and showing color slides on Japan, in churches and at conventions. On one such trip in Northern California we spoke in over twenty places in two and a half weeks.

We also attended the bi-ennial Assembly of our churches at Los Angeles in the fall of 1962. Before we arrived back in Woodburn we ran into the great Columbus Day storm, the worst ever in Oregon and Washington. Evergreen trees over a hundred feet tall were uprooted, roofs torn away, and rivers swollen and flooding.

We stopped at Klamath Falls, in southern Oregon, to visit my brother Leland, and also at Eugene with Brother Russell, where streets were blocked by broken tree branches for auto traffic. But in our home town, Woodburn, there was little damage.

Ensuing years at Woodburn Senior Estates were spent in relaxation: gardening, visiting neighbors, making new friends, housekeeping, including fruit and vegetable canning for the winter.

Grace wrote letters to our family members, and friends in both America and Japan. She liked to be in touch with our grandchildren and great-children, especially.

Speaking of children and young people in general, there is a dormitory section at Northwest Christian College, in Eugene, named Hendricks Hall, one of several such units, all named for missionaries.

Year after year, on a Saturday in May, the young ladies from Hendricks Hall had the custom of visiting us and romping in our back yard, playing games for prizes; also eating together and having a worship session before parting. The girls called us Mom and Pop Hendricks, and of course we liked that.

Speaking of Northwest Christian College; ever since Grace and I were students at its predecessor, Eugene Bible University, this school has used the song that Grace wrote for it, sung to the tune created for it by a music teacher there:

All hail to thee, dear N.C.C.
Dear Alma Mater, brave and free.
We pledge our best, our all to thee.
Dear Alma Mater fair.

The blue and gold float proudly o'er,
Best college on Pacific shore.
Each year we love thee more and more,
Hail, dear old N.C.C.

May future years add to thy fame.
May bright and glorious be thy name.
We praise thee now with loud acclaim.
Dear Alma Mater fair.

We surely enjoyed those years at Eugene Bible University, where we first met; and Northwest Christian inherited that loyalty. Our two daughters received their training for their lifetime service as pastors' wives at this school.

In 1955, during one of our furloughs from Japan, just after a speaking campaign among the churches, N.C.C. generously gave us both honorary degrees: Doctor of Christian Education to Grace. Doctor of Divinity to me.

Our visit to Japan in 1976 to gather material for the book, Little Nightingale, led to one of our truly indelible memories.

Ohko's family took me out to the cemetery where there was a crypt for their memorial ashes. The latest were those of Ohko, who had died on November 15th ten years before, and her parents, Masasuke and Kino, more recently.

Christian men and women who had been rescued in childhood from illness and starvation were in the group praying before the monument, in cold late-autumn rain, each one in turn standing bowed before the crypt, with a flower to place before it, and then offering a prayer. Bareheaded, I took my turn in this. In a few days I was lying in a hospital, with double pneumonia, delirous with high fever.

It so happened that Reiji Takahashi's self-sacrificing work in the slums of Tokyo had greatly impressed certain influential persons in high social circles, including even Crown Princess Michiko. Some had read the book, Shadow of His Hand. When they heard from Reiji of our presence in Japan, one of them arranged an audience of the author with the Princess.

When my illness became known a floral gift of impressive beauty came to my bedside with a card marked 'In sympathy from the Imperial Household', and Grace was approved as my alternate for the royal audience.

Although this sudden turn of events shook Grace's composure as the occasion approached, when the event took place she showed her conversational ability, pleasing the Crown Princess so much that she extended the time for the audience to 30 minutes instead of the usual 15.

Princess Michiko said she had visited Oregon, and had been presented with a myrtle-wood artifact of great attraction, and wondered what a myrtle tree looked like.

Quite a while after this, and after Grace's decease, I found in her things a color postcard with picture of a myrtle tree. I sent it to the Princess, explaining that Grace had remembered her wish, but circumstance prevented getting it sent. I received a return letter, through the Imperial Chamberlain, expressing her sincere condolences, and appreciation.

In all of this stressful visit to Tokyo, our Japanese friends stood by us generously, even raising money for our round trip by plane, and for my hospital expenses. They insisted that they owed us far more in view of how we had served them after the War in relief measures and service to churches and schools. After our return home they continued to correspond, with assurance of love and prayers.

We were so fond of Woodburn Senior Estates that I wrote a song of praise that is still used in their choral events. Herewith are the words:

Senior Estates, within old
Woodburn town; we sing of you.
Senior Estates, where life can
find its crown, our praise to you.

Fair is the valley,
Green the rolling hills.
Yon snow-capped mountain,
Every spirit thrills.

Here is a place where calmness
heals the soul, and hearts are true.
Where neighbor kindness is the
common goal, for old or new.

With every pastime,
Be it work or play;
Is found a joy,
that sweetens all the way.

Mem'ries abound, full rich with
tender glow, to feed the light
Of lingering peace that ripening
years can know, by day or night.

There is no fear,
Where love holds gentle sway;
Our friendship's boon
Shall treasured be for aye.

Senior Estates, our song shall
ever be, a hymn to you;
And to our God, the Source of
blessings free, in reverence true.

Through passing years,
Your virtues we adore;
In storm or sunshine,
Ours forever more.

It was tried out by the choral groups of the Estates and seemed to catch on gradually, personally promoted by Rev. A.M. Keller, a member of the Men's Chorus, and by the pianist, Mrs. Reiko Snively. It was sung at a special concert of a joint men's and women's chorus, and the author asked to stand and be identified. The recognition was very sweet to me, a memory to treasure through the years.

(On a later occasion the men's chorus came over to our Willamette Home and gave a concert, including this song as a feature.)

Not long after this there were developments in our family that portended our departure to another place of residence. Grace's health was declining. In the kitchen she found difficulty knowing when the food was burning. Her sense of smell was almost gone. There was fire danger if I were not nearby to help.

In the heat of summer she did not have the strength to work at canning fruits and vegetables as usual.

There was a condition of my own health that resulted in surgery.

We had looked ahead to this need by applying for entry to the Willamette Lutheran Home, in Salem. Then suddenly came notice from the Home that our time had come to be accepted into an apartment there.

With mixed feelings we made our preparations, had a garage sale of things not to be needed in an apartment, and as soon as possible sold the house, fortunately for three times what it had cost. This made it possible for a couple who had always lived on a preacher-missionary scale of income to pay the rent there.

Many dear memories clung to this house at 1170 Astor Way, one of the first group of fifty or so in the community, located with its back yard possessing a grand view of several snow-capped mountains, and bordering the high school playground.

There often were delightful rainbows in the dark sky between us and the Cascade Range of mountains; and on clear days marvellous views of Mt. Hood and Mt. St.Helens, but before the time of the eruptions of the latter peak that had national advertising for the Northwest.I do remember those days of alarm, when the skies were dark grey with fine ash for hundreds of miles.

On July Fourth, each year, we had "grandstand seats" in our yard for viewing the fireworks displays on Woodburn City's high school athletic field.

Many types of wild birds came to perch and/or eat in our back yard.

There were red-winged blackbirds, robins, meadow-larks, sparrows, swallows in their swooping circles, gulls from the sea-coast, many miles away, feeding on grass.

In the season of mountain-ash berries, the cedar wax-wings came in flocks, stripping the trees, as robins perched and pouted from a distance. There were quail on our lawn, in pairs. And on occasion a sober snipe, all business, sitting, pumping his long beak into the lawn.

But the most memorable bird-visitation was when Grace heard a crash of glass from our bedroom, as she worked in the kitchen. When she entered the bedroom there was a Chinese pheasant cock sitting on a chair by a large window that had a big hole in it.

When he saw Grace approaching (with some trepidation, I'm sure) he flushed up and whooshed out of the same hole in the window pane, leaving pin feathers on the chair seat, as a sort of ornithological calling card, as it were.

Woodburn Senior Estates was well populated with sociable women. Grace and her cronies, The Pastors' Wives' Club, dubbed The Better Halves, sometimes invited husbands, also, to a dinner occasion.

Our children came, of course, to help us move to our new Home, in the Keizer addition of Salem.

After the garage sale that got rid of many white elephants as well as more useful things, the children chose what each preferred for their own needs or as keepsakes

Our apartment, No. 7, at the Home, on the rear terrace, looked out on the western sky, and Willamette River Valley. Sunsets , through the towering fir trees, were glorious.

There was beautiful shrubbery just outside the windows, some of the blooming varieties, including the gorgeous rhododendrons. We had hanging baskets of fuchsia or ivy geranium, also.

Our apartment was far enough from the dining hall to furnish exercise three times a day.

There was ornamentation in the halls. At one place the wall was covered with a plastic grape vine that looked tempting with its drooping clusters. At another place, facing the elevator, there was an expansive mural painting of a French palace, adding a sort of aristocratic touch to a very proletarian residence.

On the way we passed the entrance to the Recreation Hall, used for many pleasant gatherings.

The apartment had a livingroom that opened out onto the terrace, and at the opposite end of the room a small kitchenette stocked with enough food-stuffs for emergencies or an occasional tea-party, or when we might sleep in, for breakfast at leisure. The bedroom opened off the livingroom, with bathroom in its corner. There were ample clothes closets.

There was a television set, to be sure, that got good use. Many a happy evening was spent together before it, watching the Lawrence Welk Hour, or Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood, or some sporting event, to please me.

I played some golf at a nearby course, down the road from the Home. Grace was always glad for me to have my fun, and she found much of her pleasure at her desk, writing to our children in their various homes, far and near, and often to friends in America or Japan. What an understanding, agreeable wife-companion God provided for me for sixty two years.

We truly loved Willamette Lutheran Home (open to people of any religious persuasion) and often thanked God for this refuge in our closing years.

Out of our appreciation for this Home we wrote the song that is often used in the sing-a-longs of the residents . This song (on next page)set to the tune, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds our Hearts in Christian Love."

HYMN TO WILLAMETTE LUTHERAN HOME

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Thanks be for the blessing of peace,
That fills all our lives day by day.
Our cares fade away into bountiful gladness,
In this wonderful Home where we stay.

We need not seek beauty afar;
Its charm is surrounding us here.
With flowers and trees and the birds and the bees,
Yes, the magic of nature is near.

There's music and leisure and prayer.
There's light-hearted laughter to spare.
There's food for the body and bread for the spirit;
Contentment and smiles everywhere.

There are those who watch over our needs.
With kindness and skillful concern.
They add to our pleasure and health without measure;
Our gratitude surely they earn.

O rare is our privilege here,
Where friendship and love bless the way.
Our thanks we all offer to God for His mercies.
May joy be our portion each day!

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We had moved into this lovely Home in the autumn of 1980.

Sometime in midyear of 1981 Grace began to have a variety of troubles: Her arthritis grew more aggravating and took a lot of experimentation with different rubbing lotions. She called it travelling arthritis, forever shifting its area of attack. Along with this, angina pains in mid-chest, with frequent resort to nitro-glycerin pills.

Then, one day she noticed that one leg was not keeping up with the other, and gradually feeling more numb. Our family doctor recommended examination by a specialist. The two carotid arteries in her neck showed possible clogging.

Upon thorough testing, the neural surgeon rushed her into the Salem Memorial Hospital to prepare for an operation, fearing stroke.

A day or two of preparations were followed by surgery on one of the arteries. Results seemed good. Then, after a day or two of rest, the other artery was opened. It gave much trouble as it was being cleaned out. There was much swelling.

In the intensive care unit of the hospital she was put through all possible treatments.

She grew weaker by degrees. When I was beside her bed, on one occasion, her voice was very faint as she whispered what proved to be her last words: "I love you so!"

Daughter Margaret just got back from a lomg trip to distant relatives of Arthur's, and Paul from a faraway city, barely in time to be there at the hospital when the nurse from the intensive care room told us with obvious regret, "I'm very sorry, but we did everything possible."

Our family had private burial at Rose City Cemetery, Portland, in the Hendricks plot, where Father and Mother and other relatives were interred. Some time later a Memorial service was held at First Christian Church in Salem. A large attendance indicated Grace's popularity with the members and many other friends, from near and far.

The Disciples of Christ office at Indianapolis, Indiana, sent a former member of our Japan missionary staff, Hallam Shorrock, as their representative. In spite of some emotional difficulties he paid high tribute to "Mother and Dad Hendricks'" good influence on the younger missionaries such as he and his wife Helen.

A month or so later, in Japan, a Memorial Service was held, with Grace's picture set among chrysanthemums, with overflow audience and many testimonials to her care of the kindergarten children and students of the Girls' School.

An offering was received, to be used as our family might wish. Two thousand dollars (in Japanese money). Our family later decided to use this gift as assistance for needy students at the Northwest Christian College.

Among the students who have benefitted from this financial aid was a young woman from Zimbabwe, formerly Rhodesia. She is preparing to be an educator in her homeland, and eventually found a Christian College.

These developments are part of the compensations for widower-hood. And there have been other things to help, in the last five or more years of adjustment.

It was satisfying to consider how much her life meant to so many people, both in America and in Japan. So many tributes came in cards and letters, as well as orally, that I came to feel that she was "more alive than ever," in her ongoing witness.

And her release from the stress and strain, at 88 years of age, from the physical wear and tear of constsnt pain, with her regrets that so much help was required from others, was contributory to my sense of relief, when all this was over.

Nevertheless, for the first two or three years my health degenerated in various ways. Trips to doctors and days in hospitals, were frequent. I had occasional seizures of the nervous system. I recall one time when I suddenly had to lie down, and my body stiffened. My breath came with difficulty. I didn't know whether to fight it or not. I remember asking God if I should resist. Instantly my breath came again, in full capacity.

Gradually the soul realizes the wonderful resources in looking Above instead of just horizontally; and of sensing the very real companionship of one's Maker. Relaxation and peace of mind come gradually. One also finds good therapy in helping others who need bolstering. One keeps busy at projects that require concentration and seem worthwhile.

I have not come to the end of my writing projects. I still have a pile of resource material for contributions to devotional magazines, like The Secret Place, for example. I have previously contributed to this one, for several years at a time.

I have audio-visual material from Japan days- color slides and movie film- that is not yet organized for showing to the interested. It's surprising how time flies when one is trying to create something new.

And every now and then I remind myself that my ordination to the ministry has not yet been cancelled. So I look for people who need encouragement. A pat on the back and a compliment are very good medicine. I have seen several fellow-residents of this Home come out of despondency by being listened to and praised for their past achievements in their younger days. One of the greatest elements of support for my own spirits is the continuing relationship with my own family, young and less young. Every one unique, beloved, and loving toward Grandpa or Great-grandpa.

My habit, after a meal, is to settle back in my recliner-chair and think, with gratitude to God, about my family, in their individual and collective places of abode and activities.

For the fun of it, I have made a graph of where each of my relatives, biological or incidental, is living. The areas somehow form a pattern, clockwise, at the perimeter of the United States, starting at Eugene Oregon, where Margaret, our first child, was born. The route takes in Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Eastern Washington , Northeast Oregon, Idaho, South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, New Hampshire, Tennessee, Texas, Los Angeles, San Francisco area, and ends in Medford, Oregon, where daughter Martha's husband was born, this whole route nearly ten thousand miles.

There are between ninety and a hundred of these relatives. I have the addresses of most of them, but no regular correspondence with most of them. I save my postage expense for birthday and other anniversaries. Twenty of them are great-grandchildren.

The oldest one of these is nearly twenty years of age. I jokingly urge her to hurry her marriage so I can be a great-great grandpa to someone before my final departure from the planet Earth. My worry is that she lives in the deep south, where folk just "take their time."

I now close this story with acknowledgment that it is only by the grace of God, our loving Father, the inspiration of His Son, our Savior, and the unseen but very real presence of the Holy Spirit that it has been physically and mentally possible to do the work of producing it.

It has been a battle between laziness and challenge; between the recliner chair and the old battered typewriter - held together by rubber bands; between the old weak heart of flesh and the battery-operated cardiac pacemaker.

Working up this book has also required reminders that one's philosophy of aging is crucial to accomplishment of anything worthwhile. The following verses, whose author is unknown to me; but with gratitude to nim or her, has been on my wall for many years.

AGE

Age is a quality of the mind:
If you have left your dreams
behind, and hope is cold.
If you no longer look ahead,
And your ambition fires are dead;
Then you are old.
But if from life you seek the best,
And if in life you keep the jest,
And love you hold,
No matter how the years go by;
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.

PREVIOUS PUBLICATIONS

By the Author

Shadow of His Hand, Bethany Press
Little Nightingale Jordan Press
(Japanese language)
From Hangups to Hallelujahs
Oregon Trail Press.
The A,B,Cs of The Christian Life
Oregon Trail Press
Clipper for Christ
Salem BLUE Printers.

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